The Sun.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1908.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 50
DAILY, Per Year	6 00
SUNDAY, Per Year	2 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8 00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	70

Postage to foreign countries added.

Published by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 170 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. President and Treasurer of the Association, William M. Laffan, 170 Nassau street; Secretary of the Association, Franklin Bartlett, 5 Nassau street.

Paris office, 32 Rue Louis le Grand. The daily and Sunday editions are on sale at Kiosque 12, near the Grand Hotel; Kiosque 77, Boulevard des Capucines, corner Place de l'Opéra, and Kiosque 19, Boulevard des Italiens, corner Rue Louis le Grand.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

Hobson—Roosevelt.

A tragic gloom is added to the international problem by the constant conferences between the President and the Hon. RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON. It was only a question of time when these two commanding military geniuses would pool their inspirations and their plans. Nothing could be more logical and opportune.

President ROOSEVELT has ordained the voyage of our fleet to far Pacific waters. Representative HOBSON preaches the necessity of that swaggering expedient and darkly intimates calamities and cataclysms beyond words once lurking in the early future. Whether HOBSON has as yet expounded to the President his theory of the extra shirt for every Chinaman and the patriotic obligation of presenting it to the teeming barebacked millions of the Orient at the cannon's mouth we have no means of knowing for a certainty, though we fear the worst. Enough that these two minds have effected a conjunction and to feel that something quite prodigious must soon come of it. Even the most sluggish imagination should find material of alarm in such a perihelion.

Meanwhile, the country hangs in mingled ecstasy and terror on the upshot. With a surcharged HOBSON to inspire and suggest and Omnipotence itself to organize impetuous action, what upheaval may we not expect?

Jeff Davis—Bryan.

The spectacle of Arkansas JEFF DAVIS blessing the Peerless One before the Progressive Democratic League, and anointing that gentleman's rapidly dawning dome with special eloquence, seems to have had the perfectly appropriate effect of alarming and alienating many of the former disciples of the Nebraska Prophet. For some months past we have noted a progressive disturbance of the prevalent stupor in respect of BRYAN's title to Democratic leadership. As has been already shown in these columns, the infatuation is undergoing a process of arrest and dissipation. Perhaps there could have intervened no more timely and effective disenchantment than Arkansas JEFF's loud bawl and loose vociferation. The steadily increasing impatience of BRYAN's pretensions at the South needed little if anything more than this barbaric yawp to strengthen and define it.

As a matter of fact, BRYAN is slowly but surely losing ground in the only section of the country in which he has ever had a really calculable following. His various campaigns have disclosed a perceptibly diminishing influence. Even at the South the most languid observer can see that his sole support consists in the apathy of the intelligent and the responsible. Excepting the unthinking rabble, who now shout for BRYAN merely as they once shouted for ANDREW JACKSON years after that stout old patriot's funeral, the South and the sentiment of Southern Democrats are frankly hostile and their silence is of despair.

Every day adds to the testimony of important Southerners in denial of BRYAN's claims to domination. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the antics of Arkansas JEFF DAVIS will stimulate the propaganda of disgust?

Bricks and Straw.

The New York building industry comprises some thirty different trades, each with its employers' association and union or federation of unions. About this time of year the employers and the mechanics are engaged in "collective bargaining" to fix the rate of wages, hours of labor and other conditions of employment for a new contractual period.

The low state of the building industry just now, following the Roosevelt panic, is placing the unions at a disadvantage in conducting the negotiations. Probably one-half of the members are idle and a large percentage of the rest are employed on buildings that will be finished before next May, while the outlook for new construction work in the spring is uncertain.

The employers, unfortunately, are making harsh use of the power which the temporary prostration of the building industry has enabled them to wield. They are not, it is true, insisting on lower wages, nor are they demanding a longer work day than eight hours; but they are plundering the wage fund and decimating the ranks of labor by requiring one man to do the work which two have of late been accustomed to perform.

The mason builders, for example, have in a recent agreement with the bricklayers' unions arrogated to themselves the privilege of choosing their own employees. By virtue of this prerogative the "lineman," who sets the pace for his fellow bricklayers, becomes a tool of the employer instead of a servant of the union. He can no longer be fined for calling "line up" before the slowest workman on the wall has accomplished his portion. Under the watchful eye of a boss invested with power to discharge the not uncommon recent average day's work of 800 bricks a man can easily be raised to 1,600, a moderate figure compared with the 3,000 counted on in the old non-union ten hour day.

Another glaring instance of capitalistic aggression is furnished by the master carpenters, who, leaner and less prosperous than the mason builders because the high price of lumber is telling on their trade while the price of brick has been cut in two, are all the more greedy of pilfering the wage fund. They insist on the right to purchase Western trim in the open market without inquiring whether it is union or scab made. It remains to be seen, however, if the carpenters of this town have been reduced to such extremity as to be forced to capitulate on a question so important to the welfare of the community.

Hypnotism and Crime.

When the French medical school had won for the "mesmeric" theories of the English doctor, BRAID, an acceptance denied them in his lifetime and hypnotism had become an established scientific fact, it was quickly introduced as a plea in criminal cases. Some twenty years ago the Eyraud case in Paris afforded a notable instance. Recently the plea has not been heard in French law courts so frequently as during the late Professor CHARCOT's sensational reign at the Salpêtrière. The proved credulity of some eminent nerve specialists in this direction, as revealed, for instance, by VICTOR HORSLEY's report on Professor LUIS's "cases" at the Charité Hospital, and the extravagant length to which the romance of hypnotism, to give it its suitable name, was carried by some scientific men, accumulated grave discredit gradually but surely on the idea. On the other hand, the dangers of allowing it a free course in criminal trials were becoming evident to the legal mind. The possibilities of criminal hypnotism were not therefore eliminated, however, and in other countries than France the plea has apparently grown commoner of late. In these circumstances a review "of the whole field in which hypnotism and crime come, really or supposedly, in contact with each other" by a psychological authority of such undoubted ingenuity as Professor MÜNSTERBERG of Harvard is welcome. It appeared in *McClure's Magazine* for January.

We will leave aside some parts of Professor MÜNSTERBERG's essay as irrelevant. He asks, for instance, whether hypnotism should be applied by a court to obtain the truth from a defendant or other witnesses, and he answers very properly and with more discretion than in his recent essay on "the moral stopwatch" that such application is rationally impossible as well as practically illegitimate. What we really wish to know is his opinion about the extent to which hypnotic influence may be used in the commission of crime. As to this he is apparently very reassuring. He says, "There is no danger from this side." Again, "I have more than doubts—yes, I feel practically sure—that no real murder has ever been committed by an innocent man under the influence of a posthypnotic suggestion." "So far, no murder is known where the hypnotic theory seemed probable after all the evidence was in." Unfortunately—we say unfortunately because we hold it to be extremely undesirable that any needless encouragement should be given to the public mind on this score—any encouragement, that is, beyond what is warranted by the rigidly tested verities of science—Professor MÜNSTERBERG fails altogether to support his negative conclusions by the general trend of his argument. "Non omnia possumus omnes."

Professor MÜNSTERBERG has repeatedly proved his ingenuity, why should we expect him to be also logical? Let us resign ourselves to expecting of him nothing of the kind, and in saying this we do not mean to detract in the least from the undoubted utility of the Harvard professor. Better in these inquiries, after all, an ounce of ingenuity than a pound of logic! For all that, those who interest themselves in the public welfare will perforce hold the prophet to a logical account also and nevertheless.

Well, then, Professor MÜNSTERBERG does undeniably "lay" several popular bogeys. He easily disproves the popular idea of a demonic being possessed of an instantly hypnotizing eye who can subdue no matter whom to his nefarious will. He asserts that "the attention and motion of the subject is much more important than the power of the hypnotizer," and so on. He denounces such wayward fancies as a remnant of the witchcraft superstitions. He denies utterly that there can be any arbitrary injection of a mesmeric fluid into an unconscious stranger. But what do all these denials amount to? How often has anything so extravagant been asserted in a law court?

Professor MÜNSTERBERG quotes a Western case of a wife who had become "the passive instrument of an unscrupulous schemer," her husband. This woman told lies about her mother, she gave all her property to the man and she instituted suits to rob her family for his benefit. In short, she became his passive instrument. And Professor MÜNSTERBERG adds, "such a weird spectacle is not altogether rare in our court rooms. It is a hypnotic state which is pregnant with social dangers. But certainly there is no fear that it can be brought about suddenly from a distance. It needs persistent influence, and works probably only on neurotic persons with a special disposition for mental inhibitions."

Here we have Professor MÜNSTERBERG's limitations of hypnotically produced crime—the persistent influence on a neurotic subject. In fact he offers no other limitations. But these limitations do not by any means preclude the possibility as generally understood. No one supposes that hypnotic crime is possible except under special conditions. Given certain conditions, such as the popular mind has always assumed, Professor MÜNSTERBERG leaves the gate wide open. He asserts indeed that murder under hypnotic suggestion does not occur because the "trained conscience" of the subject would rebel against the order. Yet he admits that "though you cannot make an honest man kill or steal, you can make him perform many other actions of a criminal character." For instance, one may suggest to a hypnotized person that he entrust to a lawyer a will in your favor and then commit suicide. "Similar cases have been reported and such explanations of them are not impossible." A hypnotized subject may be induced, according to the professor, to commit perjury, or to submit to fraud, buying glass beads at the price of pearls, or a house which he does not want; but in such cases "his moral convictions, which would rebel in the case of murder or theft," are not concerned. He is simply deluded or misled. "An artificial delusion, confusing the mind and falsifying the memory," is induced, so that the victim does not know what he is about. But, in heaven's name, why cannot a similar delusion be induced in a murder case?

Professor MÜNSTERBERG's argument leaves the matter exactly where it was. It leaves the grisly door of murder through hypnotic suggestion wide ajar.

The Relative Resources of American and English Universities.

Few persons on this side of the Atlantic are aware how inadequately endowed are the historic English universities of Oxford and Cambridge, compared with some American institutions, as, for example, the University of Chicago. Some notable facts relating to this subject have been brought out in connection with the bequest recently received by Trinity College, Cambridge, from the late Sir WILLIAM GEORGE PEARCE, which amounts to more than $2,000,000.

Before the receipt of this bequest Trinity College had an income considerably greater than the total revenue of the University of Cambridge, distinguished from the seventeen colleges which it comprises. The total annual revenue of the university was computed in 1896 at only $310,000, almost the whole of which was specially appropriated, whereas in 1907 the gross annual revenue of Trinity was $380,000. The income of Trinity, however, is out of all proportion to that enjoyed by most of the colleges at Cambridge. Clare College, for example, has only $75,000 a year in round numbers; Christ's College somewhat less, and Magdalene less than $24,000. For seven years the Cambridge University Association has been trying to increase by private subscription the resources of the university, but thus far it has only succeeded in collecting about $350,000. Lord CURZON since he became Chancellor of the University of Oxford has started an organization for the purpose of raising at least $1,250,000 as the minimum outlay needed to enable that seat of learning to meet the more pressing demands upon it. As yet, however, only $275,000 has been contributed.

Against these figures let us set the facts that the University of Berlin receives yearly from the Prussian State nearly $850,000, while it is estimated that within a decade the universities and colleges of the United States have had funds donated by private persons amounting in the aggregate to more than $200,000,000. In two years alone the money derived from individual subscriptions reached a total of almost $35,000,000. England is a rich country; indeed, she is exceeded in wealth by the United States alone. Under the circumstances it is strange that her people should show themselves so niggard as regards the support they give to the cause of the higher education.

Mr. Bryan's Paramount Issue for 1908.

At the Lincoln dollar dinner Mr. BRYAN pointed out how the work of the convention at Denver could be simplified if it decided to nominate him for President, as he expects it will do:

> "The most far reaching, the paramount issue is not the tariff, railroads, labor or money; but, Shall this Government be run for the people by the people, not by the few for the few?"

In 1896 the free coinage of silver was the paramount issue, and in 1900 anti-imperialism, but neither elected Mr. BRYAN. We see in his new proposal a conviction that the platform makers scattered their fire even in 1900, when imperialism was particularly designated as the paramount issue; there were many planks, it was only one, and now Mr. BRYAN allows it was a failure. If he can run on the platform of his choice in 1908 it need consist of only one plank, an omnibus plank, a merger plank: "We believe that the Government should be run for the people by the people, not by the few for the few." Government ownership, the initiative and referendum, and all the other beliefs which Mr. BRYAN shares in common with the Populists and Socialists would be implied.

With Mr. BRYAN making a campaign on this concise plank of his own composition and without a campaign fund, for fear it might contain tainted money, the Democratic party would have a complete and exhaustive demonstration of Mr. BRYAN's strength as a popular leader. In the following February the electoral votes would be counted, a ceremony which would have little interest for the Democratic party.

The Poe International Centenary Society will not have existed in vain if its offer of a prize of $500 for the best poem on POE by a "non-professional" shall result in an exact and authoritative determination of that which constitutes professionalism in the field of poesy.

Horsemen.

Though he can harness wind and wave,
And lightning in its track,
Unless he gallops fifteen miles
Upon a horse's back
The hapless army engineer
Will doubtless get the sack.

Though he may meet the cloven hoof
And speed it far away,
Unless he as a centaur trots
On the appointed day
The army chaplain's fate is sealed,
Retirement is his pay.

Though he may face without a fear
And tame the Pale Horse grim,
The officer of infantry
Must take the test in trim
Or by the President's decree
'Tis civil life for him.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

WHAT IS CATHOLICISM?

A Candid Statement of Personal Views.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The Pope anathematizes "Modernism." Modernism apparently means the influence of science and research on religious belief. In which case, as the Creator of our intellects is the prime author of science and research, his Holiness perhaps should beware on whom his anathemas fall.

Your correspondent is said to have attacked Catholicism. He sees in the characters of good Catholics as well as of good Protestants the Christian ideal, agreement in which, apart from ecclesiastical dogmas and ceremonies, may one day reunite Christendom. It was about the Papal autocracy that he spoke. What moved him to speak was the approbation by an ultramontanist journal of the massacre of the Albigenses under the orders of Innocent III. In Papal autocracy he sees and deplores only the subjection of the Latin Church to a power usurped by an ambitious monk and propped by such supports as the false Decretals and the Jesuit. Lord Acton, a good Catholic, did not scruple, it seems, to announce that he had traced the St. Bartholomew to Rome.

The last and as it appears to me by far the most probable opinion of theological inquirers is that St. Peter never was at Rome or united in a mission with St. Paul. The two men surely would almost have preached different Gospels. Paul was carried to Rome by himself as a prisoner. At Rome, as a confirmation of the legend, they undertake to show you the chair of St. Peter. A Catholic, probably a "Modernist," has misgivings about the authenticity of the House of Loretto. The two relics might perhaps be together submitted to impartial investigation.

The growth of episcopacy was natural. So in the circumstances of the time was that of the Roman Primacy as represented by Gregory the Great. So was the general resort to the Roman Primate for guidance and protection amid the confusion which followed the abandonment of the West by the decadent Empire of the East and the irruption of the Barbarians. It is a wide step from this to the claim of a power above all earthly sovereignties, a power of giving and taking away kingdoms, of ordering and compelling crusades, of meting out a hemisphere between rival powers, of sending forth armies to exterminate dissent, of exacting universal homage and levying tribute on the whole of Christendom.

Gregory the Great had claimed no such authority nor apparently secular authority of any kind except such as might be incident to the estate and jurisdiction of his see. He denounced the assumption of such a title as Universal Bishop. His letter to the Byzantine usurper Phocas, though he did wrong in sending it, was simply one of congratulation and joy at the deposition of Maurice. Gregory the Great was a Catholic and a very noble one. A Roman Catholic, though Bishop of Rome, he was not.

Roman Catholicism, or to give it its true name Papal autocracy, made its first appearance on the battlefield of Hastings in the form of the consecrated banner with which William the Norman had been sent by the monk Hildebrand to wrest England from its native King, the choice of its people, and to hold the kingdom as a fief, political and ecclesiastical, of the Holy See. Ecclesiastically Hildebrand's wish was fulfilled. The English Church was brought under bondage to Rome. Its native heads were replaced by Roman satellites. Political homage the conqueror, being a strong man, refused. It was afterward granted with degrading obeisance and tribute by his weak successors and by other sovereigns as weak as they. The clergy at the same time were everywhere turned from ministers into a separate caste forming an army of Papal influence under the absolute command of the Pope.

Even in Hildebrand's hour of victory true Christianity was not left without a witness. Wimund, a Norman monk, and Gulbert, a Norman knight, having dutifully attended their lord to England, turned away from the conquest and went back to their own land, refusing as Christians to share the spoils of iniquity.

If the Papal Church is Catholic, not Roman, how is it that its headship almost entirely and its Council, the Cardinalate, in so large a measure have been confined to Italians?

Through all those centuries the Christian ideal continued to embody itself in the character and lives of good Catholics and morally to struggle for ascendency against Roman tyranny and corruption. The end of the struggle appears to be now in sight, with an ultimate possibility of a spiritual reunion of Christendom, if the spiritual ideal, apart from dogmatic creeds, sectarian organizations and forms of worship, can prove itself a basis of union.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

P. S.—I have just come upon the following, which I commend to the notice of the worthy editor who approves the massacre of the Albigenses, if he is inclined to study the effect produced on the character of a Christian nation by that régime. It is part of a letter written in 1691, a pretty advanced era of European civilization, by an Englishman, James Stuart, afterward Secretary of State, to his father, the British envoy at Madrid.

> I arrived here the 3d inst., and could get but very ill accommodations by reason of the concourse of people which are here at this time to assist at the Auto-da-Fé, which began last week; for Tuesday last there were burnt here twenty-seven Jews and heretics, and to-morrow I shall see executed about twenty more; and Tuesday next, if I stay here so long, is to be another fiesta, for so they entitle a day dedicated to so execrable an act. The greatest part of the criminals that are already and will be put to death were the richest men of the island, and owners of the best houses in this city.

What Is Going On in Massachusetts.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* By what right does your Boston correspondent even by indirection cast aspersions upon the Democracy of the Old Bay State?

Why question for a minute our ability to get together and smash the Republican gubernatorial candidate of the coming fall, be it Draper or any other?

As for Lieutenant-Governor Draper's dream, any dream reader can interpret it. "A dark man with a bundle," in sooth! 'Tis the nigger in the woodpile of the Lieutenant-Governor's hopes, and the bundle is a Pandora's box from which is ready to fly the spirit of Democratic harmony and sweet reasonableness.

Massachusetts Democracy was never in more universal accord than now—each member of it distrusts every other member. "Honey Fitz," now rusticating, is flitting blithely from flower to flower; Whitney is taking lessons in jiu-jitsu; Williams has a mirror constantly before him; Moran is taking lessons in "Nerve" from a Western correspondence school, and Josiah Quincy is making learned researches into the art of freezing liquid air into solid blocks for distribution about the hall in which we hold our next State convention. As for Hoist, he's our own petard. "One party's Hisgen may be another party's loser." A SANE DEMOCRAT.

BOSTON, January 17.

There's a Solomon in This Grange!

From the Herald and News of Randolph, Vt.

The Grange installation of officers and the annual banquet will take place next Saturday evening. All the ladies whose names appear in the alphabet before the letter J are asked to bring cake, the remainder pie.

After the installation of officers at the Grange Saturday evening an oyster supper and the new annual password will be served up to every member who is clear on the books.

By Executive Order.

John Gilpin was taking his famous ride.
"Qualifying for the army," he gasped.

BAUDELAIRE, ART CRITIC.

Charles Baudelaire, that sad and amusing poet of the decadence, had the misfortune to be revealed to American readers through the critical spectacles of Henry James. This was in 1878, when appeared the first edition of "French Poets and Novelists." Previous to that there had been some desultory discussion, a few essays in the magazines; one, unsigned, entitled "Charles Baudelaire, a Poet of the Malign," which appeared in 1869, and in 1875 a sympathetic paper by Professor James Albert Harrison of the University of Virginia. But Mr. James had the ear of the cultured public. With unusual heat he denounced the Frenchman for his reprehensible taste, though he did not mention either his beautiful verse or his originality in the matter of criticism. Indeed, he seemed to entertain such an ill feeling against the translator of Poe that he carried it into an expression of dislike for Poe. He wrote, "An enthusiasm for Poe is the mark of a decidedly primitive stage of reflection." For this remark he has never been forgiven by lovers of the American poet. Baudelaire in his eyes was not only immoral, but he had, with the approbation of Sainte-Beuve, introduced Poe as a great man to the French nation! [See Baudelaire's letter to Sainte-Beuve in the newly published "Lettres, 1841-1866"]. Perhaps Mr. Dick Minim and his projected Academy of Criticism might make clear these devious problems.

We may suspect Mr. James of having known the "Etudes Critiques" of Edmond Scherer, which were collected in 1863. Doubtless Baudelaire could never have appealed to the American novelist; their temperaments were dissimilar, yet there is much of the color of Scherer's moral indignation, both color and stress, to be found in the pages of Mr. James. "Baudelaire, lui, n'a rien, ni le cœur, ni l'esprit, ni l'idée, ni le mot, ni la raison, ni la fantaisie, ni la verve, ni même la facture * * * son unique titre c'est d'avoir contribué à créer l'esthétique de la débauche." Now, this wholesale denunciation Mr. James did not indulge in, though he practically subscribed to the categories of negatives which Scherer, unhappily for his critical acumen, saw fit to construct. It is not our intention to dilate upon the injustice of this criticism. Baudelaire it is, the critic of æsthetics, particularly of the fine arts, in whom we are at present interested. Yet we cannot forbear saying that if all the negations of Scherer had been transformed into affirmations, only justice would have been accorded Baudelaire, who was not only a poet, the most original of his century, not only the creator of a "new shiver," as Victor Hugo told him, but also a critic of the first rank, one who welcomed Richard Wagner when Paris hooted him and his fellow composer, Hector Berlioz, played the rôle of the envious; one who fought for Edouard Manet, Leconte de Lisle, Gustave Flaubert, Eugène Delacroix; fought with pen for the modern illustrators, Daumier, Félicien Rops, Gavarni, and Constantin Guys. He literally identified himself with De Quincey and Poe, translating them so wonderfully well that some unpatriotic critics prefer the French to the English originals. So much was Baudelaire absorbed by Poe that a critic of his times publicly asserted that the translator would meet with the same fate as the American poet. Curious prophecy! A singular, vigorous, masculine spirit, Baudelaire's, whose poetry with its "icy ecstasy" is profound and harmonic, whose criticism is penetrated by a catholic quality, who anticipated modern critics in his abhorrence of schools and environments, preferring to isolate the man and study him uniquely. He would have subscribed to Swinburne's generous pronouncement: "I have never been able to see what should attract man to the profession of criticism but the noble pleasure of praising." And Swinburne is a noble critic as well as a great poet.

Théophile Gautier's study prefixed to "Les Fleurs du Mal" is not only the most sympathetic exposition of Baudelaire as man and genius, but it is also the high water mark of Gautier's gifts as an essayist. We learn how the young Charles, an incorrigible dandy, came to visit Hôtel Pimodan about 1844. (Baudelaire was born the same year as Flaubert, 1821. He died of general paralysis, 1867.) In this Hôtel Pimodan a dilettante, Ferdinand Boissard, held high revel. His fantastically decorated apartments were frequented by the painters, poets, sculptors, romancers of the day—that is, carefully selected ones like Liszt, George Sand, Mérimée and others whose verve or genius gave them the privilege of saying "Open Sesame!" to this cave of forty supermen. Balzac has in his "Peau de Chagrin" pictured the same sort of scenes that were supposed to occur weekly at the Pimodan. Gautier in his eloquent style describes the meeting of these kindred artistic souls, where the beautiful Hebrew Maryx, who had posed for Ary Scheffer's Mignon and for Paul Delaroche's "La Gloire," met the superb Mme. Sabatier, the only woman that Baudelaire loved, and the original of that extraordinary group of Clésinger's—the sculptor and son-in-law of George Sand—"la Femme au Serpent," a Salambô à la mode in marble. Hasheesh was eaten, so Gautier writes, by Boissard and by Baudelaire. As for the creator of "Mademoiselle Maupin," he was too robust for such nonsense. He had to work for his living at journalism, and he died in harness an irreproachable husband and father, while the unhappy Baudelaire, the inheritor of an intense, unstable temperament, soon devoured his patrimony of 75,000 francs and for the remaining years of his life was between the devil of his dusky Jenny Duval and the deep sea of debt.

It was at these Pimodan gatherings, which were no doubt much less wicked than the participants would have us believe, that Baudelaire may have encountered Emile Deroy, a painter of skill, who made his portrait, and encouraged the fashionable young fellow to continue his art studies. We have seen an album containing sketches by the poet. They betray talent of about the same order as Thackeray's, with a superadded note of the horrific—the favorite epithet of the early Poe critics. Baudelaire, by the way, admired Thackeray, and when the Englishman praised the illustrations of Guys, Baudelaire was delighted. Deroy taught his pupil the commonplaces of a painter's technique; also how to compose a palette—a rather meaningless phrase for artists nowadays. At least he did not write of the arts without some personal experience. Delacroix took up his enthusiastic disciple, and when the "Salons" of Baudelaire appeared in 1845, 1846, 1855 and 1859, the praise and blame they evoked were testimonies to the training and knowledge of their author. A new spirit had been born.

The names of Diderot and Baudelaire were coupled. Neither academic nor spouting the jargon of the technical critic, the "Salons" of Baudelaire are the production of a humorist. Some would put them above Diderot's. But other times, other ways of seeing and writing. Mr. Saintsbury, after Mr. Swinburne the warmest advocate of Baudelaire among the English, thinks that the French poet in his picture criticism observed too little and imagined too much. "In other words," he adds, "to read a criticism of Baudelaire's without the title affixed is by no means a sure method of recognizing the picture afterward." This is very George Saintsbury. Word painting was the very thing that Baudelaire avoided. It was his friend Gautier, with the sonorous style, who attempted the well nigh impossible feat of competing in his verbal descriptions with the certitudes of canvas and marble. And if he with his plastic imagination did not succeed, how could a less adept manipulator of the vocabulary? We do not agree with Mr. Saintsbury. No one can imagine too much when the imagination is that of a poet. Baudelaire divined the work of the artist and set it down scrupulously in prose of an anxious rectitude. He did not paint pictures in prose. He did not divagate. He did not overburden his pages with technical terms. But the spirit he disengaged in a few swift phrases. The polemics of historical schools were a cross for him to bear, but he bore all his learning lightly. Like a true critic he judged more by form than theme. There are no types. Theory is only life, he had cried before Jules Laforgue. He was ever for art for art, yet having breadth of comprehension and a Heinelike capacity for seeing both sides of his own nature and its idiosyncrasies he could write: "The puerile utopia of the school of art for art, in excluding morality, and often even passion, was necessarily sterile. All literature which refuses to advance fraternally between science and philosophy is a homicidal and a suicidal literature."

Baudelaire, then, was no less sound a critic of the plastic arts than of music and literature. Like his friend Flaubert, he had a horror of democracy, of the democratization of the arts, of all the sentimental fuss and fuddle of a pseudo-humanitarianism. During the 1848 agitation the former dandy of 1840 put on a blouse and spoke of barricades. These things were in the air. Wagner rang the alarm bells during the Dresden uprising. Chopin wrote for the pianoforte a revolutionary étude. Brave lads! Poets and musicians fight their battles best in the region of the ideal. Baudelaire's little attack of the equality measles soon vanished. He lectured his brother poets and artists on the folly and injustice of abusing or despising the bourgeois (being a man of paradoxes he dedicated a volume of his "Salons" to the bourgeois!), but he would not have contradicted Mr. George Moore for declaring that "in art the democrat is always reactionary. In 1830 the democrats were against Victor Hugo and Delacroix." And "Les Fleurs du Mal," that book of opals, blood and evil swamp flowers, can never be savored by imbeciles. In fact, it is a touchstone for philistines.

In his "Souvenirs de Jeunesse" Champfleury speaks of the promenades in the Louvre he enjoyed in company with Baudelaire. Bronzino was one of the latter's preferences. He was also attracted to El Greco—not an unnatural admiration, considering the sombre extravagance of his own genius. Goya he has written of in exalted phrases. Velasquez was his touchstone. Being of a perverse nature, his nerves ruined by abuse of drink and drugs, the landscapes of his imagination or those by his friend Rousseau were more beautiful than nature herself. The country, he declared, was odious. Like Whistler, whom he often met—see the "Hommage to Delacroix" by Fantin-La Tour, with its portraits of Whistler, Baudelaire, Manet, Bracquemond the etcher, Legros, Delacroix, Cordier, Duranty the critic, and De Balleroy—he could not help showing his aversion to "foolish sunsets." In a word, Baudelaire, into whose brain had entered a ray of moonlight, was the father of a lunar school of poetry, criticism and fiction. His Samuel Cramer, in "La Fanfarlo," is the literary progenitor of Jean, Duc d'Esseintes, of Huysmans's "A Rebours." Huysmans modelled himself at first on Baudelaire. His "Le Drageoir aux Epices" is a continuation of "Petits Poèmes en Prose." And to Baudelaire's account must be laid much artificial, morbid writing. Despite his pursuit of perfection in form his influence has been too often baneful to impressional artists in embryo. A lover of Byron and a Gallic Byronism, and high priest of the Satanic school, there was no extravagance, absurd or terrible, that he did not commit, from etching a four part fugue on ice to skating hymns in honor of Lucifer. In his criticism alone was he the sane, logical Frenchman. And while he did not live to see the success of the impressionist group, he would have surely acclaimed their theories and practice. Was he not an impressionist himself? Did he not, once upon a time, dye his hair green to shock his fellow Parisians? Looking back half a century the critics of the Baudelairians seem too comical to have been ever taken seriously.

As Richard Wagner was his god in music, so Delacroix quite overflowed his æsthetic consciousness. Read Volume II. of his collected works, "Curiosités Esthétiques," which contains his "Salons"; also his essay, "De l'Essence du Rire" (worthy to be placed side by side with George Meredith's essay on comedy). Caricaturists, French and foreign, are considered in two chapters at the close of the volume. Baudelaire was as conscientious as Gautier. He toiled through miles of mediocre canvas, saying an encouraging word to the less talented, boiling over with holy indignation, or else glacial irony, before the rash usurpers occupying the seats of the mighty, and pouncing on new genius with promptitude. Upon Delacroix he lavished the largesse of his admiration. He smiled at the platitudes of Horace Vernet and only shook his head over the Schnetzes and other dull artisans. He welcomed William Hausoullier, so little known to-day. He praised Devéria, Chasseriau—who waited years before he came into his own; his preferred landscapists were Corot, Rousseau and Troyon. He impolitely spoke of Ary Scheffer and the "apes of sentiment"; while his discussions of Hogarth, Cruikshank, Pinelli and Breughel proclaim his versatility of vision. In his essay "Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne" he was the first among critics to recognize the peculiar quality named "modernity," that nervous, naked vibration which informs the novels of Goncourt, Flaubert's "L'Education Sentimentale" and the pictures of Manet, Monet, Degas and Raffaelli with his evocations of the new, nervous Paris. It is in his Volume III., entitled "L'Art Romantique," that so many things dear to and accepted by the new century were then subjects of furious quarrels. This book contains much just and brilliant writing. It was easy for Nietzsche to praise Wagner in Germany in 1876, but dangerous at Paris in 1861 to declare war on Wagner's critics. This Baudelaire did.

The relations of Baudelaire and Edouard Manet were exceedingly cordial. In a letter to Théophile Thoré, the art critic [Lettres, p. 361], we find Baudelaire defending his friend from the accusation that his pictures were *pastiches* of Goya. He wrote "Manet has never seen a Goya, never El Greco; he was never in the Pourtalès Gallery." Which may have been true at the time, 1864, but Manet visited Madrid and spent much time studying Velasquez and abusing Spanish cookery. [Consider, too, Goya's "Balcony With Girls" and Manet's famous "Balcony" at the Luxembourg.] Raging at the charge of imitation, Baudelaire cried in this same epistle: "They accuse even me of imitating Edgar Poe. * * * Do you know why I so patiently translated Poe? *Because he resembled me.*" The poet himself italicized these words. He further wrote that the first time he had read Poe he was startled by subjects of which he had dreamed, phrases which he had rolled about in his brain. With stupefaction, therefore, he admired the mysterious coincidences of Manet's work with that of Goya and El Greco. And though Baudelaire was much given to æsthetic *blague*, there is no reason to doubt his sincerity in this particular instance. As for the Poe allusion, Baudelaire did build a soul for himself out of Poe. He was a morose, a sinister reincarnation of the American poet.

He took Manet seriously. He wrote to him in a paternal and severe tone. Recall his reproof when urging the painter to exhibit his work. "You complain about attacks," he exclaimed, "but are you the first to endure them? Have you more genius than Châteaubriand and Wagner? They were not killed by derision. And in order not to make you too proud I must tell you that they are models, each in his way, and in a very rich world, while you are only the first in the decrepitude of your art." ["Lettres," p. 436.]

Would Baudelaire recall these prophetic words if he were able to revisit the glimpses of the Champs Elysées at the autumn salons? What would he think of Césanne? Odilon Redon he would understand, for he is the transposer of Baudelairianism to terms of design and color. And perhaps the poet whose verse is saturated with tropical hues—he, when young, sailed in southern seas—might appreciate the monstrous debauch of form and color in the Tahitian canvases of Paul Gauguin.

Baudelaire's preoccupation with pictorial themes may be noted in his verse. He is par excellence the poet of æsthetics. To Daumier he inscribed a poem; and to the sculptor Ernest Christophe, to Delacroix—"Sur Le Tasse en Prison"—to Manet, to Guys—"Rève Parisien"—to an unknown master—"Une Martyre"; and Watteau, a Watteau *à rebours*, is seen in "Un Voyage à Cythère"; while in "Les Phares" this poet of ideal, spleen, music and perfume spills his adoration over Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Puget, Goya, Delacroix—"Delacroix, lac de sang hanté des mauvais anges." And what could be more exquisite than his quatrain to "Lola de Valence," a poetic inscription for the picture of Edouard Manet, with its last line as vaporous, as subtle as Verlaine: "Le charme inattendu d'un bijou rose et noir!" Heine called himself the last of the Romantics. The first of the "Moderns" and the last of the Romantics was the many sided Charles Baudelaire.

TAFT AND THE NEGRO VOTERS.

One of Them Calls for His Elimination From the List of Candidates.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Permit me through the medium of THE SUN to express what I feel are the sentiments of thoughtful negroes about Mr. Taft's candidacy for the Presidential nomination. We believe that even the agitation of it is highly perilous to the success of the Republican party in the coming election. We have not forgotten the great injustice done by Mr. Roosevelt to the soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry in discharging them without trial. Nor have we forgotten that Mr. Taft publicly indorsed the act.

The way in which the soldiers were treated was a reckless disregard of their rights, and there is no language that would adequately describe the injustice. Secretary Taft's approval of Mr. Roosevelt's act naturally makes the negro unalterably opposed to Mr. Taft as a Presidential candidate. To win with him as the nominee the Republican party would have to reckon without the negro vote. I know that I express the true sentiment of intelligent negro voters when I say that they believe the interests of the party would be best served by eliminating Mr. Taft from the list of Presidential possibilities.

NEW YORK, January 18. E. MCINTOSH.

Frightful Supposition.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Our sixteen battleships are at Rio. Washington is anxious about the whereabouts of the Japanese navy. With our sixteen battleships around the Horn, would it not be pleasant to learn that a fleet of Japanese warships was in the Atlantic? Maybe our ships would not go on the "practice cruise" all the way around to the Pacific. Would not the rest of the world laugh? E. R. D.

NEW YORK, January 18.

The Twice Belted.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I notice that at the Cooper Union meeting Thursday night Mr. Bryan was referred to as the "belted knight." Why not the "twice belted knight"?

UTICA, N. Y., January 17. L. C. B.

Anti-Shandean Ideas About the Domestic Fly.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* When bacteriologists have demonstrated without a doubt that the common fly is the chief cause of infection which in New York city alone causes annually about 650 deaths from typhoid fever and about 7,000 deaths yearly from other intestinal diseases, isn't it about time for every one to look upon the fly as a deadly foe and fight it to extermination?

The war on the mosquito has shown what can be done in reducing the mortality from yellow fever in the South. Why should the deadly fly be left unmolested to scatter its infection and cause an enormous death rate?

I would like to see the experiment tried in New York city of offering a bounty of so much an ounce or pound for dead flies. Here would be a chance for poor boys and girls to go into the fly business and make a lot of money, and at the same time help to save the lives of men, women and especially children.

When fly time begins I would suggest that every New York newspaper put in a fly leaf, and talk flies all summer, and show people just how flies spread disease, and tell boys and girls how to go to work at catching flies—the kind of traps to use and where the best hunting grounds are. I would keep each boy's record, and at the end of the season give, as an extra inducement, a ten dollar gold piece to the boy who has turned in the biggest total. I would make the market price for flies greater previous to the breeding month, thus shutting off many more breeders.

After a campaign of this kind it would be interesting to get the results and study the death rate from typhoid and intestinal diseases in comparison with other years. W. B. C.

SOUTH MANCHESTER, Conn., January 17.

Prevention of X-Ray Burns.

Vienna correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

Professor Ritter von Jacksch, well known for his work in the department of X-rays, has after many experiments discovered a method of preventing the burning of the skin which so often results from the operation of the rays. Professor Jacksch has invented a kind of shield, composed of a silver plate two one-hundredths of a millimetre in thickness, which is enveloped in a capsule covering of cellulose. This placed over the portion of the body to be exposed to the action of the X-rays has been found to preserve the skin from any injury, while the influence of the rays upon the organs desired to be affected is in no way hindered. The professor hopes that his device will entirely prevent the injury to the skin which has hitherto proved one of the greatest objections to the use of the Röntgen rays in medical work.

Senators Who Had Been Governors.

From the Washington Herald.

Of the eighty-nine Senators sworn in and serving, twenty-two, or nearly one-fourth, have officiated as Governors of their States. Ten of the twenty-two are Republicans and twelve Democrats. The Senatorial delegations from Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee and Vermont have been the chief Executives of their respective States. Twelve are from the Southern States and comprise nearly one-half of the South's representation in the Senate. Four are from the East, four from the Middle West and two from the Western States.

Postal Estimates.

Stella—Three million dollars have been appropriated for a new post office.

Bella—Well, we shall need it; Jack and I are engaged.